'We could be discreet'

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'We could be discreet'

by Angelic_Disaster

Summary

"I would argue that leaving the hickeys in my throat isn't discreet either," Hannibal tells him, entirely too smug for Will's taste. It makes Will almost snarl.

"I will argue that acting like a brainless whore, failing on purpose to ask *'Oh no, what can I do for extra credit, professor Graham?'* as if we were in a cheap porn is the approach that'll get you inside my pants."

"At least it made you get inside mine."

Or: Hannibal is failing all his tests in purpose, and professor Graham needs to take the matter in his hands. Quite literally.

Written for the #HannibalAUgust of 2021.
Day 30: Teacher/Student

Notes

Me: hey brain, we have two multichapter fics on going, which one we should work on today? :)

My stupid, horny lizard brain: BRRRRRRR PROFESSOR GRAHAM HOT BRRRRR

Me: omg brain, so true. Let's do that.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Français available: « Nous pourrions être discrets » by WinryOz

Professor Graham is the professor all of the FBI students have to survive. He is the one that teaches them about the mind of murderers as much as he teaches them how to thicken their skin.

His eyes are cold, his tongue is venomous and his words are sharper than any blade you can encounter in any crime scene. You better not argue about your grade, you better be sure about what you're going to ask before you open your mouth. *Fuck.* You better know what you are going to ask *before* you even consider raising your hand. *"You should know better than to ask. Use your brains. I'll not be there with you at the crime scene."*

Nobody wants to stay with him after class, everybody is trying to not look at the clock but they're internally counting the seconds left to grab their things and run.

"Lecter, stay for a moment, I want to have a word with you." Professor Graham tells him over the sound of coward students fleeing, very uninterestedly, not raising his eyes from the papers in his desk. Nobody wants to see professor Graham's face looking at their test.

Hannibal Lecter doesn't flee. He holds his chin up, grabs his things and walks towards professor Graham's desk as calmly as if he were walking down the street, and not towards a beast's mouth.

"Care to explain this?" Professor Graham asks, pointing at the test on top. It has Hannibal's name on top and the date. Not a single mark of professor Graham's red grading pen. Not a single word written on it by Hannibal either.

Hannibal regards the piece of paper with an unconcerned expression, as if the test was some irrelevant thing and not one of the instances that will decide if he fails this course or not.

"It seems that I failed the test," Hannibal says, immutable.

"Yes, I can see that, I'm not blind, Hannibal. A blank test to compliment the other three blank essays you submitted," professor Graham hisses, his left eye tics, the line of his forrow deepens. It's amusing. "Can you explain to me why you brought me *three* blank essays and now this?"

Hannibal stays silent for a moment, he taps lightly at professor Graham's desk with his well manicured fingers. He tilts his head to the side, with the aura of a petulant cat. He knows the movement shows his throat, the yellow shade of a bruise in his throat that should have healed already – if only he hadn't been messing with it to keep it longer on his skin.

"My apologies, professor. You are a great teacher, you must know this doesn't translate as your failure. Only mine." Hannibal says. Professor Graham sighs and pinches the gorgeous bridge of his nose, raising his glasses.

"That's not what I asked, Hannibal." His tone is stern. He presses his lips in a thin line. Hannibal wants to kiss them until they're swollen. Professor Graham takes a step forward, stops, takes a step back. Sighs again and bites the interior of his bottom lip. "I want to know

why my model student, Hannibal Lecter, who only had the best grades and always brought me excellent essays suddenly seems to not care at all about his career."

Hannibal doesn't take the bite. The praise is sweet and he wants to preen under it, but he does not. He throws his one fly instead, names it after the stormy eyes hidden behind unbrushed curls and old glasses with tape. He hopes the fish will bite.

"I may be distracted."

Sink.

"And what exactly has you *so* distracted?"

Bite. Hannibal tries not to smile. He meets his professor's eyes instead. There is a barrier of false, useless glass between them, but there isn't as much barrier as Will puts with everybody else. Professor Graham hides behind the bridge of his glasses with students and agents and the few people he must interact with in his life outside of the academy. With Hannibal he puts a barrier too, but he seems unable to tamper with the sight of his student.

Hannibal, *so innocently* raises his eyebrows, puts a hand on his chest and looks like the vivid picture of Edwardian offense. Professor Graham knows it is an act, Hannibal does it anyway because the reprobatory look in professor Graham's face is amusing. Then Hannibal schools his expression and only lifts an elegant brow in his professor's direction.

"Do you even need to ask, Will?" Professor Graham flinches at the change of title. Hannibal doesn't need to be an empath to realize it.

Will sighs again, sits in his chair and holds his head in his hands. He groans, deep and hard with long fingers buried in his disheveled hair. The sight and the sound shoots memories into Hannibal's brain and he doesn't have enough control of his body to stop himself from blushing.

They stay in silence for a moment until Will opens his drawer and pulls a flask. The smell of cheap whiskey is strong when he opens it and takes a long sip. With his free hand Will pulls at his tie as if the poor piece of cloth had made an unforgivable offense to him. His jacket follows suit, both pieces of cloth thrown over the desk hazardously.

Hannibal's blush deepens, he presses his lips, his nails bite his palm with so much force the flesh turns white. His eyes are pinned on professor Graham's fingers as he unbuttons the first two buttons of his shirt and the throat is revealed and, if Hannibal tilts his head ever *so slightly,* he can take a look at his professor's collarbone. Professor Graham takes another sip of his whiskey, tilting his head back, seemingly trying to drink the whole flask as if it was a shot of tequila. Hannibal is entirely mesmerized by the movement of professor Graham's Adam's apple.

The flask is thrown back into the drawer completely empty, and for the sake of professor Graham's job Hannibal hopes it hasn't been full.

It was.

Luckily for his job, professor Graham knows how to handle his drinks.

"What do you want, Hannibal?" Professor Graham asks. He sits with his legs open and Hannibal wishes he could just *ask* , order him to kneel or to sit on his lap. To his dismay, Professor Graham doesn't ask, nor orders him. Instead, he just opens his palms in the air, the back of his hands resting on his tights in a tired gesture that is not yet surrender, but at least is a truce.

He looks disappointed and tired and miserable and if Will just *let him* Hannibal would be delighted to erase that expression from him.

"Do you want me to fail you? Do you want to take this course *again?"* Professor Graham shakes his head with a bittersweet smile. "You're intelligent enough to know that *that* is counterproductive to your goals – Unless if what you want is to torture me further."

"I want you." Hannibal says sincerely and direct, not moving from his place. Will's sardonic laugh pierces him through his chest but Hannibal doesn't let it bleed. "Preferably in my bed. But I could go along with a date to a restaurant of my choice." He pauses. "Or your desk."

To see Will hide behind his glasses is a victory in itself, no matter if Hannibal hates the barrier between them. It means he poked a nerve, and it's now Will's turn to blush.

"Hannibal, for the last time, we *can't.* The age difference between us–"

"I'm a full grown adult in the age of consent, Will."

"You're my student–"

"That didn't seem to bother you last time." Hannibal rudely interrupts again but professor Graham continues as if he hadn't, *but* he shows his teeth, *and aren't they beautiful?* Hannibal wants them on the skin of his throat again.

"– and if someone discovered us I could lose my damn job."

Hannibal knows it's a lost battle but he still tries.

"We could be discreet."

"DISCREET?!" Will shouts, standing from his chair and entering Hannibal's personal space. Hannibal is almost distracted enough by the horrible aftershave that he doesn't watch as Will bends over the desk to furiously grab the test, turns it and points at the little few things that Hannibal *did* write on it. "I hardy call writing my name inside anatomically accurate hearts or writing your name as *Hannibal Lecter-Graham* like a schoolgirl with a crush as fucking discreet!"

"Flowers in my desk, chocolates, I– *for fuck sake Hannibal!* Jack Crawford asked me if I had a stalker and I had to lie to cover for you!" Will throws the test dramatically. It doesn't work and the paper just anticlimactically waves in the air before it lands swiftly on the desk again. Hannibal tries not to smile at the idea of Will, his sweet Will, lying to the head of the

BUREAU for him; he doesn't want to enrage him any further. (But he saves the information dearly.)

“I would argue that leaving the hickeys in my throat isn’t discreet either,” Hannibal tells him, entirely too smug for Will’s taste. It makes Will *almost* snarl.

“I will argue that acting like a brainless whore, failing on purpose to ask *‘Oh no, what can I do for extra credit, professor Graham?’* as if we were in a cheap porn is the approach that’ll get you inside my pants.”

“At least it made you get inside mine,” Hannibal shoots back and professor Graham's face turns a lovely pink. “And it seemed that you needed a more direct approach.”

"Drawing your professor naked and submitting it as an essay isn't only **not** discreet Hannibal, but also crude." Will sighs, ignoring Hannibal’s statement and throwing himself in his chair again, and the poor thing cries under his weight.

"Did you like it?" Hannibal asks with another tilt of his head, ignoring Will’s outbursts. Professor Graham just looks at him unamused.

"I failed you."

"That's not what I asked, Will," again, Will flinches at the change of title. Hannibal sees his fingers flex. "What did you think of it?"

"I think that you should spend less time staring at my ass during class, and more time listening to what I teach you."

Hannibal smiles, smug and proud of himself. "Does that mean I captured your *assets* well?"

The first thing that flashes through professor Graham's face is annoyance, the second is surprise. The third is a beautiful, barely conceived smile, hidden behind his hand. But the chuckle shakes his shoulders, relaxes the lines of his face, and *God, he is beautiful.*

"You are a lot sometimes, you know?" Will asks, shaking his head and taking off his glasses. Hannibal holds his breath. Will places his elbow on the desk, lays his head on a loose fist and looks at Hannibal under long lashes and half lidded eyes that glisten with tenderness and fondness. And cruelty.

It’s the same look Will had in his eyes last time when he finally snapped, and Hannibal’s body reacts to it like one of poor Pavlov’s dogs.

"I hope so," Hanninal answers, a tad bit breathless. The innuendo makes Will smile. Or maybe it is just Hannibal's aroused state. Maybe both. But most probably the latter.

Professor Graham hums, looks at the door then back at Hannibal. Cruelty and amusement overtakes his gaze. Hannibal's heart beats as if it wanted to break his rib cage and throw itself to his professor's feet. Then professor Graham unbuttons his slacks and opens his fly and Hannibal's heart and breath stop altogether.

"Crude Hannibal, your drawing was astoundingly *crude,"* he says as if he isn't pulling his cock out of his boxers, half hard already, the tip glistening with a drop of slick. Hannibal's lips are suddenly dry.

"But, *oh,* it doesn't even come close to the really crude things I would do to you if I could," professor Graham says, hums and moans softly as he strokes his cock, rapidly making it fill until it is hard.

"Tell me," Hannibal begs, the words punched out of his lungs along with the air.

Will hums, regarding Hannibal with his cruel eyes, considering, *evaluating* if he deserves it. The scent of his arousal is getting thicker, heavy, it clings in the air, it reaches Hannibal's nostril and he aches.

"Please," Hannibal begs again, it comes strained. It's difficult for him to speak, or to make his brain form words. "Please, *professor,* please tell me."

That does it. Will moans louder, moves his hips and his fist tightens.

"I would make you kneel, warm my cock during class. Your classmates are always trying to understand how you can get such good grades with me. I want to show them how you do it, sucking me for the whole two hours, keeping still and listening to me talk. Show them the dirty, obedient whore that you are."

"Will–"

"Tsk," Will interrupts him before Hannibal can say anything, and Hannibal reacts instantly, like a well trained dog. He shuts his mouth. "Make you warm my cock as I give the class, make you feel how my cock slides in your mouth every time I move to show a new image of a crime scene…"

Will takes a moment, traces the tip of his cock with his thumb, then the frenulum, bites back a moan and throws his head back. Hannibal is mesmerized with the image, he wants to kneel, and wants to obey every word.

Will opens his eyes suddenly, fists his cock and the rhythm falters when he speaks.

"I want you to choke when I give a class about The Ripper," Hannibal is pinned in place by those eyes, Will's gaze is a physical thing and it grabs him by the throat. Hannibal feels like there is a wall behind his back and professor Graham's hand in his throat is the only thing that keeps him standing. "I want you to feel how my cock fills when I talk about the artist that *he* is. Make you taste how my cock leaks every time I think about *him."*

Hannibal swallows with difficulty. He can feel Will's fingers in his throat, he can feel the sweet taste of Will's arousal in his tongue even if they're still haven't touched.

"Him?" Hannibal asks out of breath. He isn't sure he has breath since professor Graham's fly came down.

Will ignores the stupid question, just like he does in class with questions his students can answer themselves, and keeps the movements more controlled now. Giving himself pleasure but delaying his orgasm as much as he can.

"I want you to rut against my leg like the needy, brainless bitch that it seems that you've become because of me, and *for* me," Will tilts his head, lifts his chin, smiles. His eyes cut like razors. "Or maybe I want to watch you make a mess on your pants, see how much you can resist of me talking about The Chesapeake Ripper before you come untouched. I haven't decided yet."

Hannibal *whines*. He flexes his hands in tight fists at the side of his body, he feels like the entire building is vibrating.

"And when the class is done, *and if you behaved,* I would bend you over my desk like last time, for everybody to see – *fuck,* you were so pretty like that," Will closes his eyes, he fists his cock faster and Hannibal's mouth waters but he still feels it dry.

Will moans again, opens his eyes ever so slightly, lost between the memory but wanting to watch Hannibal's expression in this moment, watching his professor jerk off in front of him in the middle of the empty classroom.

"You were so pretty Hannibal, *so fucking pretty,* the way your lips were shining, how you drooled all over yourself. *God,* the sounds that you made when I sucked you off, I still hear them in my dreams. Do you know how many times I jerked off thinking of you wriggling on my desk?" Will groans and the sound echoes in the room, muting for only two seconds the dry sound of skin sliding down skin.

"How many?" Hannibal asks, trembling from head to toe. He isn't sure how much more time his legs will keep him standing.

Will chuckles and it makes his curls bounce. He shakes his head and pauses, then spits in his palm and resumes the movements.

"A lot, Hannibal, a fucking lot. In my bed at night, in my shower every morning that I knew I had to see you sitting in the first row looking at me with heart shaped eyes," Will makes a new movement, opens his legs wider and strokes the base of his cock very slowly, trying to focus. "Do you remember last week when I was late? It was because of *you.* I had to – *fuck* – stop my fucking car in the middle of the fucking road because I came in the shower but I knew you were going to give me another blank essay. What were you waiting for when you did that? For me to bend you over my desk and spank you?" He moans again and the images travel directly to Hannibal's brain, then to his knees and he almost falls on the floor, holding himself with a hand on professor Graham's desk just in time.

"It's a shame I can't have you like that again," Will pouts. Will is mocking him, taunting Hannibal, waiting for him to beg.

"You could have me like that," Hannibal begs. "You *can."*

"No Hannibal, I can't," Will says and shakes his head in disappointment again, still pouting, still moving his hand up and down on his hard cock with aborted motions and Hannibal doesn't know where to look, his eyes or his hand. He wants to drink him all.

"I liked your drawing, Hannibal," Will says, changing abruptly the topic of their conversation. Hannibal can't move, doesn't know what to do. All he can do is watch and commit everything to memory, swallow the way Will strokes his cock with a steady, assured rhythm. He is vaguely aware that his own cock is throbbing between his legs, but the only thing he wants to touch is Will. "Did you finish it and gave it to me? Or did you use it for you first?"

Hannibal's tongue is glued to the roof of his mouth, there is a moan trapped somewhere inside his throat and his poor, fogged mind supplies unhelpfully that if he opens his mouth the only thing that will come out of it will be an embarrassing whine – or, if he manages to form words, those can only be *please* and *professor.*

Will slows his movements and the glare he sends his way is murderous. "I asked you a question, Hannibal."

"Yes."

"Yes, what? *Yes* , you jack off while looking at a drawing of me?"

"No, professor," Hannibal's heart beats, excited. He seizes the little power that he has, smiles coyly and bats his lashes. Takes a step forward. The smell is so strong, he wishes he could bottle it up. "I fingered myself until I could take my four fingers. Thinking of *you."*

Will holds the root of his cock quickly, twists in his seat and groans. He leans forward and clenches his jaw. The head of his cock is bright red, bordering on purple and glistens with precum. His nose wrinkles and looks at Hannibal from under frunced eyebrows, one eye closed.

Will's breath is ragged, he pants and winces, trying to center himself. Hannibal is still shaking, but he is proud of how steady he managed to speak. He is more proud of how his words almost made his professor cum all over himself.

Will looks at him furious, face red, but the rage in his face does nothing to tamper the clear arousal, or the way the black of his pupils had eaten the blue irises.

Will looks quickly to the open door of the room, his hand is steady and the *tap tap tap* of someone's heels echo from the hallway.

"Someone could enter at any moment," professor Graham says, and Hannibal's heart misses a beat. *This can't be over.* He is *Professor Graham.* The professor one has to survive if they want to graduate. No one enters the classroom to ask questions, no one uses the after class hours. *This can't be over.* The whine trapped inside Hannibal's throat escapes slowly and high and Will *tsks* at him again.

"I suggest you kneel, Hannibal," he says, "and hide behind the desk."

Hannibal's knees obey before the sentence can reach his fogged brain, and the loud *thud* echoes in the room. He is aware that it must have hurt, and that the blow against the floor would probably bruise his knees. *Good. He wants to.*

Hannibal leans forward, desperate but professor Graham *tsks* at him again, making him stop in his tracks and lift his eyes distraught. Hannibal wants to whine again. He will beg if he needs to. He already looks wretched and Will hadn’t done as much as to put a finger on him.

"Look Hannibal, but don't touch," professor Graham orders, and lowers his slacks and boxers as much as he can without pulling them down. He doesn't have much pubic hair, but the one he has is curly and dark and wet with slick and saliva and sweat. It smells divine and Hannibal wants to bury his face there, let it scratch his face until his skin burns. The cock is beautiful, thin and slightly darker than the rest of Will's skin, the root is thicker and he has one ball slightly bigger than the other. Hannibal ponders about how heavy they will be on his tongue.

Professor Graham's cock it's a raw pink, turning red with the friction, the head is almost purple now and it must ache, and near the end it curls ever so slightly to the side. Hannibal will need to take care to not scrape at it with his molars when professor Graham finally lets him suck it.

"Take a good look at it, Hannibal, because your drawings will be the only thing you'll have until you finish this course."

Hannibal keens in pain, as if wounded.

"None of that now," professor Graham tells him, grabbing a fistful of Hannibal's hair and making him shut up instantly. "You were *finally* behaving. I'm sure you can be good just a little bit more, can't you?"

Hannibal doesn't move, he only blinks slowly, dazed. Professor Graham moves his head for him, making him nod.

"How many drawings do you have of me, Hannibal?" Professor Graham asks, slowly resuming his movements, controlled, his demeanor is almost bored. His eyes are everything *but.*

"Many. Many sketchbooks, all dedicated to you," Hannibal confesses; maybe the confession would bring him what he wants. Hannibal widens his legs, so much his stiff cock brushes against the cold wooden floor and makes him moan. He tries not to rut himself into the floor. Fails. "I have one entirely dedicated to the bridge of your nose."

Professor Graham curls a brow at that, curious and amused. His hand starts moving faster.

"Is that so?" He purrs and it sends shivers down Hannibal's spine. *God,* he is so close to his professor's cock he could almost taste it. Will leans forward, his breath is scalding when it brushes Hannibal's skin and moves one lock of his hair.

Will smiles, and it's fiendish. He moves his hand away from his cock and his fingers are wet with saliva and slick, the smell is strong and it clings to Hannibal's skin when Will uses his index finger to lift Hannibal's chin, moves it down and traces his throat until it reaches the bruise left by his teeth a couple of days ago. Hannibal swears he could come from that touch alone.

"Would you like to come all over the bridge of my nose, love?"

Hannibal would have collapsed on the floor if it wasn't for Will's hand holding him by the hair. He feels his cock spasm in his slacks, cum soaking his underwear and probably all the way down to his slacks, making a damp stain in the front of his pants. Hannibal gasps for air as he comes, and the smile in Will's face has teeth and it's all worth it.

"So good, Hannibal, so good." Will mutters, petting gently at his hair. *"Fuck,* Hannibal, you're beautiful. I can't wait for this course to finish so I can cum all over your pretty face all I want."

If Hannibal could speak he would beg, *please.* Professor Graham must realize it, because he sighs and sends a frustrated glance over him that shuts down all complaints.

"But now that you're sated, we need to have a serious conversation," the last thing Hannibal wants at this moment is to have a *real conversation.* (Unless the conversation is Will speaking more debauchery to him.) But the thing Hannibal wants more is for his professor to cum down his throat or in his face or anywhere he wants as long as he cums in the near vicinity of Hannibal's face.

"This little act of you has to stop. I don't want to see you submit any other blank essays, do you understand?" Will asks, and Hannibal can understand his words and nods lazily, but can't understand how, in the name of everything holy, his professor can speak when his cock is hard and weeping just inches from his mouth.

"This is what you're going to do," professor Graham tells him, as if he were talking to a toddler instead to a full grown, consenting adult. "You're going to your house now, and you will re-do all the essays you submitted in blank and send them to me. *Tonight."*

Hannibal opens his mouth. In fact, he tries to move his mouth, because he can't remember when he opened it, he just knows he can't close it. But Will shushes him before he can't think of what to say.

"You're sending them *tonight* , so I can grade them and finally approve you, and you can finish this damned course and I can bend you over every flat surface available in my house and fuck you until you cry. Because I swear Hannibal, if I fail you and I have you again as my student I will end throwing this job off the window and fucking you in this desk in front of Jack Crawford."

The hardness of Will's cock hadn't lessened in the slightest, and now that Hannibal seems able to hold the weight of his ego and head alone, Will brings his hand again where he needs it.

"Then, after you finish writing the essays and send them to me, you will start fingering yourself thinking of me," professor Graham tells him. His breath is now ragged and he pants with difficulty, the movements of his hand are erratic as he strokes his cock, the red head peeking over his fist from time to time. "Then, when you cum with my name in your lips, you will take a picture, making sure I can see your lovely face just like this. You'll make sure I can see your cum all over you, and you will send it to me in another email. Is that clear, Hannibal?"

"Yes, professor," Hannibal tells him, breathless and Will moans loudly at the word, fists his cock faster with aborted motions, he can barely keep his eyes open and his lips form a perfect *'O'*.

"I'm going to use your mouth," Will says and his voice comes strained as he stands quickly and almost falls. The chair makes a noise when it scrapes against the floor. Hannibal is already opening his mouth wider, tilts his head back, tries to eat him with his eyes. Will holds him by the hair, his other hand holding his cock. He makes Hannibal throw his head further away, until his throat is in full display and moves his cock across Hannibal's face, leaving drops of pre-cum all over it, drawing circles in his cheek with the tacky leak of his cock. From time to time he moves the head over Hannibal's parted lips, letting him take a little taste. "And then, I'm going to cum down your throat."

Professor Graham's dick is heavy in his tongue when he finally breaches inside, salty and its scalding. Hannibal sucks it with urgency, holding onto Will's ass with his hands, encouraging him to use his throat. He can feel it throb with need, feels the head push against the muscle at the back of his throat. Will holds onto Hannibal's hair for dear life, as if he were to fall at any moment and he only manages to last seven thrust until he is spilling hot and bitter down Hannibal's throat.

Will's eyes turn white in his head, and his come is warm down Hannibal's throat, before he takes himself away in a swift, quick movement, like an afterthought or an idea that just had manifested in his brain. His lips are open and his face so gloriously beautiful, sweat sparkling in his forehead when he spills the last drops of his come over Hannibal's face with a groan, pressing his cock on the soft skin, before he pulls himself back in the tight and damp mouth.

Will trembles for long moments, steading himself holding onto Hannibal's hair and shoulder. He winces with oversensitivity when Hannibal laps like a content kitten at the head of his cock but he doesn't move away, not wanting to relinquish the opportunity to feel Hannibal's mouth on him.

"Three months," professor Graham sighs, combing his fingers through Hannibal's hair. "Three months until you finish the course. Can you behave for three more months, Hannibal?"

Hannibal opens his mouth slowly, letting his professor's softening cock slip out. Instead of moving away he leans closer, burying his face in the crease of Will's thigh and pelvis, feeling the coarse hair burn his cheek.

"I will, professor," he says, and a small smile pulls at his lips. Will shivers before he laughs weakly.

"What were you going to say before?" Will asks him, pulling him away from his dick so he can tuck himself back inside his slacks. Hannibal pouts at the action and Will can't resist kneeling with him and kiss the pout away.

When Hannibal realizes he needs to answer the question and comes back to himself Will has almost forgotten he had asked anything at all.

"I was going to say that I have the essays already written, I'll send them to you as soon as I get home."

Will doesn't know if he wants to sigh or if he wants to laugh. He settles with kissing Hannibal again, tasting the bitter aftertaste of his seed, sharing his whiskey breath, sucking at Hannibal's criminally gorgeous cupid bow. He lets Hannibal lick inside his mouth and suck at his tongue, bite at it and at his lips to his heart's content before he pulls him away.

"Seat," Will says as he points to his chair and grabs his glasses again. He takes a clean sheet of the test Hannibal failed and puts it on his desk.

Hannibal has his face covered in slick and saliva and come, his hair is a mess, his lips are swollen and Will doesn't want to think about Hannibal's slacks and underwear, nor about the state of his voice.

"You aren't leaving the classroom until you finish the test, Hannibal," Will tells him and hears Hannibal sighs before he resignedly grabs a pen. "And Hannibal, don't you fucking dare to write *Hannibal Lecter-Graham* again." Will pauses, counts to three two times just to keep himself in silence, adding to the tension in the room. Then he smiles, placing his hand on the back of Hannibal's skull, entwining his fingers in the ashen hair. "You'll have time to write your name along with my last name once you graduate."

"And if I do?" Will can't see him, but he can hear the smile in Hannibal's voice and, *honestly?* He doesn't have the energy for this.

"If you write *Hannibal Lecter-Graham* again, I swear I will buy you the ugliest ring in the world. Now start with the test, you have one hour and you better hit 100% correct. I don't expect less from you."

End Notes

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Thank you for reading. Lots of love, Angel ♡

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